she wanted to scream. The room in which they sat seemed to close in upon her suffocatingly. Her father's voice and her own were as calm as if they had been discussing the trivial plans for a day's amusement, and yet he was attempting to dispose of her life.

"I had thought you would help me to happiness," she said breathlessly.

"I am saving you from folly and misery. Adela, you forced this situation on Crane by your own confession. Unless he and I combine to aid you in your temporary madness, you are powerless. We refuse!"

"I shall appeal to Penrhyn."

"If you appeal to Penrhyn, I shall see that every avenue of success in New York is closed to Crane. He will go to his old father a failure, and you will never see him again!

a failure, and you will never see him again! If you are sensible, you can keep him as a

friend."
"I did not know you were so cruel!" she

"I did not know you were so cruel!" sne raged.

"If I threaten what seems to you cruelty, it is only so that I can be kind."

"I don't want your money! I'd marry Baldwin Crane without a cent!"

"You don't know what it is to be poor, and he does. He would not let you undertake the suffering poverty entails."

"If I cannot marry him, I shall marry no one!" she said sobbing.

"Yes, my child, you will, when this folly has passed. Adela, do you think this is easy for me? Do you think I want to hurt you, even though I know the day will come when you will thank me?"

"You never could have loved my mother!" she stormed.

Rolin rose to his feet and towered over Rolin rose to his feet and towered over her. "You dare to say that to me! I have put no woman in her place! Every night of my life I send her a message, a long message from my heart before I sleep! It is because she died, worn out from poverty and from trying to help me in my early struggles, that I have vowed you should be safe. I have told her every night that her child shall be the richest woman in America. Let me tell you, my girl, that if I were free, if I had not you to consider, my life in these days would be a very different thing. You understand nothing,—nothing!—least of all that it is your ultimate happiness for which I have

you to consider, my life in these days would be a very different thing. You understand nothing,—nothing!—least of all that it is your ultimate happiness for which I have subjected us to this seene."

Adela left him, knowing that she had gained nothing, feeling that there was no one to help her, not even Crane. Nothing but a miracle could save her. She knew, of course, that she could not be forced to marry Penrhyn Hale; but she knew too that if she told him that she loved Crane her father would carry out his threat, and ruin Crane. That, to her mind, would not matter, if he were willing to marry her; but, since he was not willing, her pride would not let him be exposed to injury through any act of hers. Yet she did not see how she would be enabled to carry on the farce of her relationship with Hale. She resolved to pave the way for a final break with him by telling him in the morning that she did not love him, and never could. Even if she were a good actress, she thought, Hale could not fail to learn that he was not making progress with her.

WHEN she rose late in the morning after a restless night she found a note from Hale. His father was sending him on important business to San Francisco. He had come over, sure of an uninterrupted hour with her; but her father had said she was not well and ought not to be waked. Hale thought he would be back within a fortnight, and he would write her daily. In this Adela thought she read the design of her father. He had talked with the elder Hale, and they had planned to get Penrhyn out of the way until the first days of what they called her madness should be over. She wrote to Crane. He returned her letter unopened with a note in which he begged her forgiveness, and said that he dared not read it. Adela's love was such that she could not be angry with him, and she interpreted his

it. Adela's love was such that she could not be angry with him, and she interpreted his act as another admission of love.

Day after day dragged by. Adela wrote to Hale, and dreaded the time of his return. She scarcely raised her eyes to her father's face. Had she done so, she must have seen the signs of a painful struggle marking themselves there day by day. She denied herself to most of her friends, and spent a good deal of time in New York, hoping to meet Crane, as if by accident. For her, life had come to a standstill. It seemed like a dream that events could be happening to other people. The war, which was lifting so many Americans beyond their own personal concerns because it spelled tragedy to millions of Eurocause it spelled tragedy to millions of Euro-peans, seemed to her like a huge melodrama. The day before Hale's return she told

kindness of waiting, you will return to your senses."

Rolin's imperturbable determination rose and write to no one. Almost, she thought, about Adela like a wall. She felt trapped; it was a relief to him to have her go. She was she wanted to close in upon her sufforming. Her father's voice and her own.

the end of that time she returned A home, tired and pale, but with a strength in her eyes that had not been there before. She arrived at dusk, and was told that her father was in his smoking room. Without removing her hat, she went to him

at once.

"Father," she said, "I have come back to tell you that I am too much like you to yield to you!"

He kissed her, and looked at her inquir-

"You are pale," she said. "The hot weather and your hard work have been too much for you."

"It is nothing," he replied. "And your health?"

"I have not been to the sanatorium at all. I dismissed my maid at the station, and sent the sanatorium people my check. I looked for work. Just through sheer luck, nothing else, I found a position to teach Prench and manners to the children of some rich unscabilitiested each luck has been been been and manners. French and manners to the children of some rich, unsophisticated people who have just come to New York. For over two weeks I have been earning my own living, eating meals that the servants brought to me half cold, and looked down on by them because I'm not one of themselves, and yet not a person in authority. I have had no companionship outside of the children's. I hate teaching; but I don't hate it so much as life without Baldwin Crane. I am your daugh. panionship outside of the taching; but I don't hate it so much as life teaching; but I don't hate it so much as life without Baldwin Crane. I am your daughter. As you made your way mightily, so I can make my way pettily. When I tell him that I have learned how to be poor, he'll know I am in earnest."

There was a look of admiration on Rolin's cale attentive face.

There was a look of admiration on Rolin's pale, attentive face.

"You'll believe that my love is real now, won't you, Father?" she went on. "I'm not delicate as poor mother was. I can stand up against poverty because your money and care have given me splendid health. But it's no good to me without love."

"Do you believe," Rolin said slowly, "that if you were poor, Crane would marry you?"

"I know he would. But he's got to marry me now, in any case. 'I've earned the right to be trusted by him and by you."

ROLIN gave a long sigh. "If I were a religious man," he said, "I should think that God had marked out my way for me clearly. You remember it has been said that I have no ideal beyond wealth? You know that I have wanted to give you all the power and glory of the world? But lately another ideal has grown strong in me,—and I have been crushing it down for years,—a love for the land where your mother and I were born, and where I lived till I was a lad well grown."

grown."

"Belgium?" Adela cried. "But you speak of it so rarely, Father."

"To you, yes; but to your mother before I sleep, always. When we took the only vacation we could ever afford when you were a baby, and after she had her sentence of death, it was to Brussels we went. She and I always called it home."

Adela waited moved—she knew not

Adela waited, moved, she knew not

Adela waited, moved,—she knew not why,—puzzled.

"I didn't know how I cared for my country till this brutal war came," Rolin said. "Ever since it happened I have been sending more money and yet more. But it is not enough."

"You mean," cried Adela, "that you would give all you have—want to give all you have, to Belgium?"

"Not quite that perhaps" be besiteted.

"Not quite that, perhaps," he hesitated; "but I have thought that if I had not you

"but I have thought that if I had not you to consider—"

Adela interrupted him, her face glorified. "Give it, Father!" she cried. "Let me bring Baldwin here to you, and tell him what you intend. Then you will see that we are both in earnest. You will see that he and I love each other as you and Mother did. Only let me bring him here and let him prove himself! It is a miracle to save us all! Keep enough to support yourself in comfort, always; and—yes—keep enough more so that if ever I became an invalid I could have two or three thousand dollars a year, and need not be a burden on Baldwin. If you can love Belgium so much, you can't doubt my love any more—his and mine! The test is to love some person or some ideal more than one's own power. We both do that—you and I!" Rolin drew her to him again, and they embraced with their first real understanding of each other, and with a sympathy that was now to become a precious possession of each. "Go, my dear," he said in his native tongue, "bring thy man to me."

And, proud in her love and glorious faith, Adela went to summon her lover and happiness.

Adela went to summon her lover and happi-



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